

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Beethoven.

Alp in the realm of tone! to that false soul  
Who seeks to exalt himself, while lauding thee, —  
With vain display of critic mystery  
Obscuring thine oracular thunder-roll, —  
Thy heights sublime in truth no more unfold  
Than windy plains that blow him every way,  
Paths that his feet perplexed lead far astray,  
And crags that blind him with their scornful cold.  
But he who seeks sincere thy sovereign fane,  
Walks with the mountain spirit's majesty;  
For him, dark clefts their hidden flowers contain;  
And from some peak divine, he, blest! may see,  
Beyond the verge of this low sensual plain,  
The spreading wonders of infinity.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Publisher Wanted!

Letter of Rev. Habakuk Lot to the Editor of the Journal of Music.

POPTOWN, FEB. 28, 1859.

Honored and respected Sir:

I presume that the poetic ability of my townsman, Mr. Anserus Esel, class leader and exhorter, as exhibited in the poet's corner of the Poptown Illuminator, cannot fail to have attracted your notice. You must have been struck by the beauty of the versification and the delicacy of sentiment, which pervades all his compositions. But above all is the vein of true religious feeling, which runs through all the productions of his genius. You may perhaps remember the piece, which went anonymously the round of the country newspaper press, and will need no farther testimonial to Mr. Esel's talent, when I inform you that it was from his pen. I refer to the following:

### SUMMER CLOUDS.

Oh summer clouds, why fly ye so!  
Why won't you wait a bit?  
The wind doth rise, away ye go.—  
So earthly pleasures flit!

Oh Summer clouds, how bright ye are,  
A-sailing to and fro!  
You're naught but fog although so fair—  
Our earthly joys, jest so.

Oh Summer clouds, ye shine an hour  
And then your beauty fades,  
So clouds of sorrow on us lower,  
And sinners go to Hades.

The schoolmaster objects to the last word, on the ground that it should be pronounced in two syllables. But if f, a, d, e, s, spells fades, why should not H, a, d, e, s spell Hades? Still, if the schoolmaster is right, we can make the last line,

"And sinners flit like shades."

But to the object of this letter.

Having had proofs of the great literary ability of Mr. Anserus Esel, class leader and exhorter, I have availed myself of it to carry out a long cherished idea, one which, in the pressure of my pastoral duties, and through distrust of my poetic abilities, I have been unwilling to undertake

alone. To explain myself more clearly, it is proper to state how the idea originated.

I was formerly in the habit of devoting many of my winter evenings to the business of teaching singing school, — and, as I flatter myself, with no little success. I noticed that many of the most popular tunes among my pupils, in the "Holy Banjo," the "Sacred Jewsharp," the "Religious Bagpipes," and other collections, which we used, were "arranged from the works of the greatest masters;" and some, which were especial favorites, were the profane strains of operas baptized, so to speak, with Scripture names and sanctified to the use of the church by having sacred words placed under them. Having afterward turned my attention to theological studies, it occurred to me that a great service might be done to the church by arranging poetry for her use, as the singing book makers have done with music.

At first my idea went no farther than thus to arrange the sublime thoughts of Milton and Young, of Pollok and Tupper; but meeting somewhere the admirable remark, variously attributed to Wesley and Whistler, that "there was no reason why the devil should have all the good music," I felt at once that there is just as little reason why the devil should have all the good poetry. I therefore extended my plan, so as to include in our collection of "Hymns, arranged, &c." pieces adapted from Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists, intending these, particularly, to be sung to tunes arranged from operas, and arranging them in metre and rhythm accordingly.

I flatter myself that the combined labors of Mr. Esel and myself, during which we have spared no pains nor expense, will be found upon examination to have produced a collection of hymns and sacred songs, utterly unrivalled for variety, for good taste, for rhythmical diversity, for elegance of expression, for depth of religious sentiment, in short, for every quality which should distinguish the poetry of the church.

When we consider that the essence both of music and poetry — that which makes words to be poetry, and concordant sounds music, in any high sense — is the expression of feeling and sentiment, it is clear, that arrangements and adaptations in both cases stand or fall upon precisely the same grounds. Now, as the practice of all sects — or nearly all — from the Catholics of Vienna and Paris with their operatic Masses, to the humble worshippers of the backwoods village or the plantation, with their popular melodies — sanctions the stealing of the devil's music, I contend that we are doing God service in stealing also his poetry.

Our first volume is now ready for publication, containing 976 hymns and sacred songs. Upon consultation with Mr. Esel and the elders of our meeting, we concluded, that in the present dearth of good hymns and hymnbooks, there would naturally be a great competition among publishers for the honor and profit of publishing this book, and that it would be best to give some public no-

tice of our work and await proposals from various leading firms in the large cities.

After receiving a bare pecuniary remuneration for the time, labor, and expenses which we have incurred, whatever profits thereafter may accrue will be devoted to building up the waste places of Zion. I am preparing also a book of tunes to go with the hymn-book, consisting entirely of arrangements. Hence I have thought proper to make my first announcement of our collection of hymns in the Journal of Music.

I will only add a single stanza from two or three of our poetic arrangements, as specimens of the elegant manner in which Mr. Esel has solved the problem entrusted to him.

### 450. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

8 line L. M.

Arranged from ADDISON.

It must be so — 'tis reasoned well;  
Else whence this pleasing, fond desire?  
Or whence this dread of death and hell,  
Which does the trembling soul inspire?  
Why on herself thus shrinks the soul,  
All startled at destruction dire?  
Thus Heaven itself doth us control  
And point us to a somewhat higher!  
&c., &c.

### 471. THIS WORLD AND THE OTHER.

9s and 8s metre.

Arranged from GAY.

How happy could I be in either  
Were t'other dear charmer away!  
But while they invite me together,  
I know not which voice to obey.  
Sing Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

### 801. HYMN FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

8s and 9s metre.

Arranged from GOLDSMITH.

The words of the preacher come down  
And show us that drinking is sinful;  
Nevermore from the sole to the crown  
Of liquor will we have a skiful.  
Repenting, we give him our pence,  
And turn from our grog to religion,  
And feel of new joy such a sense,  
As Noah felt seeing his pigeon.  
With a glory, hallelujah, &c.

That is, when the pigeon brought the olive leaf — which fact is to be stated in a note, at the bottom of the page, Mr. Esel not succeeding in bringing into the line the idea of the said olive leaf.

Although, Mr. Editor, I can but admit that the thought of "filthy lucre" has been sometimes in my mind during the preparation of this volume, and the idea that its sale may possibly enable me to swop my old white horse, for Deacon Abram's 2.40 sorrel colt, yet my principal satisfaction arises in view of the vast amount of spiritual and everlasting good to my fellow mortals, which I am destined to effect. My feelings, at times, are too great for utterance, and can only vent themselves in the words of the sweet singer of Poptown, thus: —

## 653. WEALTH AND GOODNESS.

C. M.

Arranged from Goldsmith.

Dwell not my heart on outward show,  
In goodness go it strong.  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long!

In conclusion, Mr. Dwight, should you incline to aid us in circulating our book, by looking over the manuscript, and suggesting such alterations as may, perhaps, notwithstanding all our care, be still advisable, we are willing to make such compensation as is right and proper.

With all due respect, your devoted servant,

REV. HABAKUK LOT,  
Pastor at Poptown.

## Musical Legislators.

(From the New York Tribune, Jan. 29.)

There is a very rare quotation from Shakespeare which some of our erudite readers may have chanced to meet once or even twice, and which distinctly asserts that music has great power in soothing the savage breast, and that it is in fact the sovereignest queller of passions ever invented. This, we admit, has, up to this time, been regarded as a fanciful speculation or a pretty theory, as our Orphic signors, signoras and signorinas have preferred drawing dollars into the treasury of the Academy—dollars speedily and remorselessly reclaimed—to trying their head, throat and chest-notes upon our forests and our quarries. But what, in this practical age, is even the divine Art of Music—some call it a Science, and some call it both Art and Science—worth, if we cannot reduce it to plain, positive and indisputable utility? Something of this we have already accomplished. There was the screaming, yelling, howling, phthisical, demoniacal and altogether dreadful emissions of the Railway Callopie, which, to the apprehension of dislocation, added the actuality of deafening, and kept us in mind of our latter end. There were the brass bands which enable our glittering and gorgeous warriors to sustain, without any devastating mortality, that awful Anabasis from Union square to the Park, and which are, to our veteran regiments, what the bag-pipe were to the callow Highlanders in the Indian campaigns. There are the hand-organs—organs, indeed, of a judicious Providence, which, through such instruments, inculcates the beatitudes of patience and long-suffering. There is the accordion played by weak-minded youth at the open casements on midsummer nights. There is your neighbor who, late in life, has commenced the study of the fiddle, under the impression that he had nothing to do but to buy a Cremona made last year, a box of strings, two pounds of rosin, the treatises of Spohr, Kreutzer, De Beriot and Rode, in order to make himself the cynosure of all concert-rooms and the rival of Vieuxtemps and Sivi. There is the amorous young gentleman who does Nicholsonian variations upon a silver-keyed flute presented to him by his grandmamma, and who gives us the most wonderful and involuntary double staccato. There is the young woman, with the seven-octave piano-forte, who is so prettily *pp.* and so furiously *ff.*, who alternately feels softly the keys and then fights them, and who plays Thalberg's "Moses" quite as well as she plays the first lesson in Bertini. There are artists who affect the Jew's harp (or jaw's harp, as it should be written), and artists who finger disconsolate banjos, and artists who favor us in the stillly night with gems from the African Opera, or even from the resonant haunts of the Italian Academicians, and who whistle what they cannot sing. These nuisances, like all earthly nuisances, have their uses, and from these seeming evils we may still educe good.

But, it is in that far off and almost fabulous land known as "Down East," whence come washing machines and the whole century of inventions, that Music is employed to some purpose indeed. There the Legislature has taken up the matter in earnest. We learn that the Senators

and Representatives of the State of Maine now assemble in the Capitol, and, before proceeding to their graver duties, sing sacred music together for an hour. We notice this latest artistic and political novelty, because we do very highly approve its introduction, and consider it a most commendable innovation. We have it upon the authority of an ancient poet, whose name has escaped us, that there are none so rare as can compare with the Sons of Harmony; and it is not to be supposed that, after these melodious recreations, when the leader has left the chair to Mr. Speaker, that, in the most fiery or in the most fussy debate, the tenor will call the basso no gentleman, or give the lie to the soft-voiced ally who has just so nobly sustained him in *alt.* After a strict attention to musical measures, will not the patriot be fitted for political measures? Will he not more accurately understand the value of a crochet? Or will he, as some may think, be more likely to quaver, when in the dilemma of the Yeas and Nays?

For our own part, we think so well of this musical idea, that we should like to have it tested for a single session in Washington. Why should not Mr. Speaker intone the House to order? Why should not gentlemen give notice of a resolution in a chant, or ask leave to make a motion *con dolore*? Most of the speeches are so bad *said* that they certainly would be better *sung*. Many and many a time have we seen, when a fiddle-bow in the hands of the presiding officer would have been quite as impressive as his hammer. Many and many a time, in the House, we have felt that the immediate introduction and plentitudinous play of forty bands of brass, would bring a comparative silence like the silence of Sahara. Why should not the "Yeas" vote in full chorus? Why should not the "Nays" bellow responsively? He would be but a poor *captor verborum* who should object that we cannot sing through the eyes and should not sing through the nose. How beautifully might the business of the House be arranged by Mr. Fry or some other American composer who understands both politics and music! How easy would it be to adapt the Italian melodies to Jefferson's Manual. First reading, *largo*; second reading, *andante*; third reading, *prestissimo*. First debate, *grave*; second debate, *allegro ma non troppo*; third debate, *fugato*; as nothing new would be sung, fourth debate, *forzando*; fifth debate, *a la militaire*; sixth debate, *con fuoco rapidamente sempre crescendo*, and then, if members must break each other's heads, there would be a fair chance that they would do it tenderly and delicately. The motion for final adjournment might be given in the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," and how would the people thunder back "Gloria in Excelsis!"

But one difficulty presents itself. Who, save Meyerbeer, could write music for the President's Annual Message? And how many years would it take that unwearied, patient, and most industrious master to marry Mr. Buchanan's platitudinous elongations to immortal music?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Peeps in Italian Papers.

No. I.

BY TROVATORE.

In a country where so much attention is devoted to operatic affairs as Italy, operatic newspapers are a necessity, and in all the large cities such journals—usually weeklies—are published. Operatic newspapers, I call them, and such they are—not musical, but operatic papers. They are filled with little notices of what this egregious soprano is doing at Florence, and what that incredible tenor is occupied with at Rome. From every little city and town of Italy they gleam some scrap of operatic intelligence, and while they never enter upon learned or even intelligent criticism, they form an agreeable *melange* of operatic items. The expressions are often curiously hyperbolic, and the importance with which very insignificant bits of information are paraded in their columns, is really amusing to those familiar with the

large English and American newspapers. At Florence several of these musical papers are published, being invariably four-page quartos. At Turin, *Il Trovatore*, the prominent semi-weekly musical journal contains a page of illustrations *à la Charavari*, which are not confined to musical subjects. For instance, in a recent number, there is depicted the "stratagem that must be used by the readers of the Tuscan Monitor, to peruse that journal after its contemplated enlargement; the picture represents the newspaper stretching over a vast expanse of ground, while several horsemen are galloping over it, leaning down and reading as they scurry along. This is not a bad bit on some of our own "blanket sheets."

I purpose sending you, semi-occasionally, bits of operatic gossip, from my Italian files, and as almost every operatic singer of reputation has visited or expects to visit this country, their doings may prove of interest to some of your readers. And so I would at once have you look over my shoulder, through American spectacles, at my Italian newspapers.

There is a tenor with the queer name of Irfé—Signor Irfé—who has been singing at Trieste, the streets of which are more like those of London, than any city on the continent. His admirers have presented him with a service of plate, with the inscription: "To the distinguished merit of the valiant tenor Ettore Irfé, from a few citizens of Trieste, January, 1859."

At Catania, Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* has met with great success.

It is the custom in Italy to name the theatres after some distinguished literary or musical personage. There is a new Ristori theatre at Verona and they are now building the Niccolini theatre at Sesto, a little Tuscan town.

At Vicenza, a city of palaces built almost entirely by Sansovino, the architect; a Signora Amalia Fumagalli has created a sensation in *Sonnambula*.

At Piacenza, a little Lombard town, that beautiful creature Vestrali has been singing in *Trovatore*.

At Rome, Verdi's *Giovanni di Guzman*, Donizetti's *Elisa Fosco* (to the music of *Lucrezia*) have been played at the Apollo theatre with Madame Jullienne as prima donna. Beaucarde, a six-footer, and a glorious tenor, for whom Verdi wrote *Trovatore*, has appeared at the Valle Theatre in *Don Pasquale*. A critic says of Jullienne, that she debuted in *Buondelmonte*, and that the *timbre* of her voice is stupendous; that she has extraordinary power and compass, and a correct method, of the best school.

At Naples, Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, a work quite unknown here, has been played with but moderate success; indeed, it seems a precursor of the oblivion to which Donizetti's works will be, in time, consigned, to hear this opera described by Neapolitan critics, which cannot longer please, because musical taste is changed, and the music of *Padilla* is not suited to our times. The same opera has recently failed at Palermo.

At Nice, that splendid artist, Boccebadati, the finest Linda I have ever seen, has been singing with acceptance in *Don Pasquale*. Boccebadati is a wonderful artist and would create a sensation here.

At Genoa, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian* is meeting success. At its first production there, the first act passed in silence; the second brought applause for the prima donna, Lamare; while the third, fourth, and especially the fifth, secured the success of the piece. Parepa, (who sang last season in London,) had appeared in *I Lombardi* and *Lucia*, with Limberti. This Limberti is a fine singer. He has a high, sympathetic tenor voice, and is a good actor. Often have I heard his penetrating voice at the opera in Florence, and wondered why he was not better known. He seems gradually working his way north, and may in time, reach Paris, London, and even Boston and New York.

At Brescia—how well I remember it, with its

quiet, sleepy streets, its neat little museum, built amid the ruins of an old Roman temple, its grass grown walls, and its picture-gallery with one cabinet picture, savagely claimed to be a genuine Raphael — at Brescia, Pacini's *Saffo* is being played.

At Florence, in the fashionable theatre, La Pergola, Mercadante's *Giuramento* is the attraction. At the popular Teatro Ferdinando, commonly called the Pagliano, after its owner, a successful quack doctor, *Il Barbiere* is on the boards. Pacini's latest opera, *Saltimbanco*, in which a baritone, Rossi-Ghelli, finds great success, has also been produced at La Pergola.

Prati is a little shabby town, about fifteen miles from Florence. Like all cities of Italy it is surrounded by huge walls, though there is nothing in it that is worth walling up. The new railroad from Leghorn to Florence has obliged the citizens to make a huge gap in their wall, and there is something suggestive, if not poetic, in the iron horse thus forcing for itself a passage through massive blocks of stone, that have stood unharmed for centuries. They have a little theatre in this little town; and a little prima donna named Papini-Steller, is singing in *Ernani*.

Forlì is a horribly stupid place, near the centre of Italy. The present Pope was once Bishop of Forlì, and Orsini, the would-be assassin of Napoleon III., was born there. They have a good opera house in Forlì, and Donizetti's *Linda* was the attraction at latest dates, a Signora Rebuschini being prima donna. *Sonnambula* and *Scaramuccia* (by Ricci) are the other operas of the season.

At Madrid, Giuglini is singing with Elisa Kennett, a beautiful English girl, as the prima donna. I have before written to the *Journal* about this lady. She sang last year at Florence, and with a rich voice and careful regard to stage requirements is winning a good reputation.

Rimini is a glorious old place. Indeed there are none of the smaller towns of Italy that surpass it in general interest. Once the resort of philosophers and authors, the seat of a singularly refined court, it was in the fifteenth or sixteenth century the most attractive city on the south western coast of Italy. To be sure it is rather a forlorn place now, and the faithless Adriatic, that once washed its very walls, and formed a harbor for its fleet, has now retired a distance of nearly a mile, leaving a dismal marsh between its waters and the city. Yet they are not all asleep in Rimini, for the beautiful new opera house, built in '57, is a proof of unexpected go-ahead-iveness. Now a Signora with the preposterously long name of Ruggero Antonolo is exciting the good folks of Rimini in *Traviata*, an opera, which in Italy is usually known by the name of *Violetta*.

### Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Greatly extended, by the writer (for the London *Musical World*) from an article in the *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*.)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, the illustrious musician, was born at Bonn, 17th December, 1770, and died at Vienna, 26th March, 1827.

A groundless rumor for some time prevailed that he was the natural son of the King of Prussia; but, at considerable pains, he proved himself to be the lawful child of Johann Beethoven, a tenor singer in the chapel of the electoral prince in his native town, in which establishment his grandfather, after whom he was named, and who was also a composer, sang bass. For the memory of this latter, although he died when the boy was but three years old, Beethoven, in after life, had a high veneration, and he treasured his portrait as a most valuable relic. The feeling of the grandson may be accounted for by the intemperate habits of his father, who could thus elicit no respect; and his strong sense of reverence having no present stimulus, attached him to an ideal, of which he could not recollect the original.

He had an elder brother, Ludwig Maria, who died in his infancy; and two younger, Casper Anton Carl, who became a teacher of the pianoforte, and Nicolaus Johann, who followed the trade of a druggist.

Whatever the professional ability and personal ir-

regularities of his father, the position of this choir singer was such as to give Beethoven the advantage, enjoyed by all the greatest musicians, of becoming familiar, in his earliest infancy, with music, and receiving his first impressions from it: his organization had thus immediate opportunity for development, and he at once gave tokens of a strong natural disposition for the art he conspicuously advanced.

His father, hoping to improve the slender means of the family by the display of the child's ability, was the first to undertake his technical training; but dissipation rendered him an unfit instructor. The boy's studies were, however, assisted by Pfeiffer, an oboe player and director of a military band, to whom in after years he made the kindest acknowledgement of the obligations he owed him. He evinced so remarkable a talent, as to attract the attention of the reigning elector, the Archduke Maximilian, at whose charge he received lessons of Van der Eider, the court organist, and, at his death, of his successor, Neefe. Beethoven's restless disposition rendered steady practice irksome to him; and his father's impatience at this increased his distaste for application. He, however, progressed so rapidly, that at eight years old he was already remarkable for his playing of the fugues of Sebastian Bach.

His three sonatas, written when he was ten years old, prove his early acquaintance with the principles of musical construction, and show a fluency of thought, which, though rendered in the idiom of the time, is not without indications of originality. These interesting productions, as well as some songs and piano-forte variations, were printed in 1783. Sterkel, a pianist of some repute in his day, on seeing the variations, questioned the ability of their author to play them; whereupon Beethoven not only executed his printed piece, but improvised upon the same theme, in imitation of the manner of his sceptical critic, proving at once his agile finger and his prompt invention. This is the earliest anecdote of his marvellous extemporaneous power, which afterwards became one of the most remarkable manifestations of his genius, and which he often exercised with still more pointed pertinence to the occasion than in the present instance.

Coincident with his progress on the pianoforte and in composition, was his practice of the violin, which, if it led to no notable proficiency, enabled him to write most effectively for string instruments throughout his career.

His father's dissolute life seems to have excluded the best domestic influences from his home; but he found a circle of true and genial friends in the family of Breuning, one of whom, Stephan, his boyhood's playmate, remained his attached friend through life, watched his last moments, was appointed his executor, and died very soon after him. This friendship had occasional ruptures — one caused by rivalry in a youthful love affair; but it was too full of the fond associations of their early times to be ever permanently broken. For Leonore, Stephan's sister, Beethoven also entertained a brotherly affection, and her husband, Dr. Wegeler, was one of those to whom he wrote at periods of his residence at Vienna with implicit confidence. His first connection with this family was in the capacity of teacher, the duties of which he always discharged with the utmost repugnance. The whimsical pretenses which, many years afterwards, he was wont to make to evade giving his lessons to the Archduke Rudolf were prompted by the inveterate dislike to teaching which thus early proved itself; he would often go to the Breunings' house with the purpose of attending to his pupils, when his resolution would fail him, and he would leave some excuse at the door, deferring his appointment till the morrow. The widow Von Breuning not only forgave his constant dereliction, but, with parental kindness, encouraged his companionship of her children, amongst whom he became familiar with literature, and so made up for the scanty education he had received at the free school.

Before the completion of his fifteenth year, the elector appointed Beethoven organist of his chapel. In this situation he played off one of those practical jokes for which, to the last, he had an especial relish, in confuting a singer who chanted the *Lamentations* in Passion Week, by changing the key in the accompaniment during a sustained note of the voice; the compromised chanter complained of this trick to the elector; but the young organist had too good a friend in his patron from childhood for him to punish this offence, further than by an official reprimand, which was rather a compliment to his talent than a disgrace of his abuse of it. The genial humor, which is one of the most prominent characteristics of Beethoven's writing — such as we find expressed in the scherzo of his pianoforte and violin Sonata in F; in the last movement of his Pianoforte Concerto in G, and of his Solo Sonata in the same key, Op. 79; in

that of his Symphony in F; and in many other instances — showing a love of fun and a capacity for witticism that has rarely been, and never so fully, embodied in music — is powerfully illustrated by this personal trait of the composer, which stopped not at practical jesting, but led him to indulge in every kind of facetia that presented itself to his vivacious fancy. We can well suppose him — whose conversation abounded with *bons mots* and repartee, who exulted in mock-heroic grandiloquence, and who would risk a friendship rather than forego a banter — absolutely laughing aloud as he set down on paper some of the movements that have been cited, and chuckling over them with an unctuous enjoyment as absorbing as the glowing rapture in which he revealed his loftiest inspirations.

He had at this time another patron besides the elector, in Count Waldstein — to whom he subsequently dedicated his Sonata in C, Op. 53 — at whose instance it was that the elector gave him the appointment, which, as his talented teacher, Neefe, was still in the full exercise of his powers, and so had no need of an assistant, was but the graceful pretext for paying him a salary, and so relieving his limited circumstances.

Beethoven wrote the music, of which the count had the credit, for a *ballot* represented by the nobility at the court; but he was more than repaid for this act of youthful self-denial, by being, at his patron's instigation, sent in 1787 on a mission to Vienna, where he became acquainted with Mozart, and indeed received some lessons from him. The great musician promptly perceived the indications of extraordinary power in his young disciple; but he had not the opportunity to benefit him further than by his illustrious example, and by the emulation that induced, in consequence of Beethoven's early return to Bonn, occasioned probably by the illness of his mother, who died in this year.

For her he had a fond affection; and in the grief of the moment, which was aggravated by pecuniary embarrassment, Franz Ries, the violinist — who, with Bernard Romberg and himself, was engaged as chamber musician to the elector — showed him such timely sympathy as he could never forget: — "Tell your father," said Beethoven, to the son of his old friend, when he brought him at Vienna an introduction from the violinist, "that I remember the death of my mother." We may suppose that from their various characters, in his intercourse with his parents, he made the experience of both affection and contradiction, which, only, could have implanted the tenderness and the fretful irritability which were afterwards as conspicuous in his personality as in his works.

M. Schindler has a story of Beethoven's writing a cantata for performance at a breakfast given to Haydn, by the members of the Electoral Chapel, on this composer's "return" from England, in 1790. The discrepancy between the date and the occasion referred to it — (Haydn came to England in 1790) — is sufficient to invalidate the anecdote; further than this, the biographer naively states that no vestige of the cantata remains, and that Beethoven himself knew nothing of the composition or of the occurrence.

Shortly after the completion of his twenty-first year, through the liberality of the elector, Beethoven made his second visit to Vienna, where he found so many advantageous opportunities that his return was repeatedly deferred, until he decided to make the Austrian capital his permanent residence. His father died in this year, and he was now launched in the world, with no care but for his art and for his own progress in it. Mozart was no more; but his influence was perhaps stronger than when he was personally present to exert it; thus the highest class of music was in general esteem, and the most aspiring genius found ready recognition and cordial encouragement.

The Baron von Swieten — who engaged Mozart to instrument the *Messiah*, and who furnished Haydn with the text of the *Creation* — had, at this time, frequent musical performances, in which Beethoven constantly participated; and the Prince Lichnowsky was ever ready to receive him as a guest, and to create opportunities for the display of those brilliant abilities, which it was no little merit in him to appreciate. Further, the prince settled upon Beethoven an annuity of 600 florins, to be continued till he should obtain an official appointment; but this was only one among countless services that his truly noble family rendered to the artist, which Beethoven acknowledged, in his dedications to him and to his brother, Count Moritz, of several of his most important works. The prince proved, indeed, a most cordial zeal for the musician, in his tolerance of the countless caprices of his client, who bore his favors so gracelessly, as often to dine at a tavern rather than submit to the restraint of dressing, and of punctual presence at the prince's table, and to give many

other such whimsical tokens of independence.

Another distinguished patron of Beethoven, during his first years at Vienna, was Count Brown, a gentleman of Irish extraction, but of Russian birth, and a functionary of that government. To him, and to his wife, are dedicated several important works; among others, the pianoforte sonata in B flat, Op. 22. One of the acknowledgments the Count made to the composer for these compliments, which secure an enduring immortality to his name, was the gift of a valuable horse. Beethoven, for a short time, took great pleasure in this present; he then neglected it, and would have forgotten it entirely, had not his servant, who had continually let the horse on hire for his own advantage, one day brought him a long bill of arrears for fodder.

(To be continued.)

### A Plea for the Ravels and for Fun.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

Whoever loves fun, real genuine unmistakable fun—whoever enjoys whatever is grotesque in situation and absurd, and illogical and contradictory—whoever believes in the necessity and use of nonsense—let him not fail to see the Ravels.

Ever since 1830, or thereabouts, the Ravels—fathers, brothers, uncles, wives, wives' brothers and connexions of one degree or another, have been making the universal Yankee nation laugh. What imminent dyspepsias have they averted! What numberless legions of Blue Demons have they put to flight! For there is nothing like a hearty laugh to put these Demons to flight, and keep the gnawing wolf of dyspepsia from the vitals.

As a nation, we don't have fun enough. We say fun; for the Americans have the only satirists living (*vide* North British Review) and that malicious wit, which is pointed and barbed, and venomous, we have enough of, and to spare. But of that fun which has no purpose but gratification, we have little. Physical sport we don't understand. A dozen men can't go rowing about the river for the sake of rowing. They must have a rival boat to race with, a set of colors to win, a silver pitcher to contend for. Look at the exercise of our boarding schools; melancholy young women or straight-laced boys, trooping like a funeral procession over the dustiest and least picturesque road in the region, walking a mile and back from "a sense of duty!" There isn't a sadder spectacle this side of the chain-gang! What we need is something that shall amuse. We think too hard and too incessantly. And we resort to all manner of pernicious stimulants to keep our brain constantly vigorous and keen.

So we grow dyspeptic and die young, or live invalids till our life becomes a misery to others and ourselves. Just that which is wanting is FUN—that indescribable offspring of Humor which we all recognize, though we can't name his features. We need—

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides."

to walk over this broad land and alternate with speculation and deep-browed thought and restless ambition, in the attention of our people. Puritanism, Asceticism, are all very well in their way and their day, but their way and their day are not forever, and everywhere. When the great temporal or spiritual interests of men are endangered, it is very well to be grave and sedate and deliberate, till the battle is fought out. But we must not forget that the greatest of reformers was one of the jolliest of men, and that his opponents say that "all Luther's table-talk was about wine and women." Of course that statement is an exaggeration. But a caricature fixes a truth, sometimes, more closely than a didactic and accurate proposition, and though the grim earnestness with which some men fight is terrible to the foe, the most dangerous fighting animal now-a-days is your Zouave, who runs up to the cannon with a song in his mouth, and is equally ready to play a part in a comedy or storm a fort.

Man is the laughing animal! Some naturalists say he is the only laughing animal. Others say that the dog alone, of all man's subjects, possesses this trait of his master. Be that as it may. Man laughs. He has muscles which were designed for no other purpose than laughter. And it is a crime not to use every faculty which our Maker has given us. Therefore do we appeal in behalf of the much neglected risibles. "Laugh and grow fat," says the maxim. Laugh and do your duty, say we.

Physiologists will tell you that one great evil in men and women is the faulty oxygenation of their blood. We breathe too much through our nostrils and clenched teeth. The broad, hearty laugh throws the mouth open wide, gives the lungs great capacious draughts of air and consequent oxygen, and everybody who has ever tried it, knows very well that after laughing heartily he feels younger, fresher, brisker,

and a great deal better fitted to attend to the "serious business" of life.

How refreshing to find the Latin Secretary of Cromwell, the writer of that magnificent plea for the unlicensed liberty of printing, where the language is as stately as the step of Truth, the author of *Paradise Lost*;—how refreshing, we say, to find him bursting forth into this most jolly of supplications:

"And if I give thee honor due,  
MIRTH, admit me of thy crew."

Think of it! John Milton invoking Morns. Think of it, careful New Englander, with a mind given to the differences between the subjective and objective, idealism and realism. Think of it, hurried western man of business, occupied with the prospect of future Chicago speculations, in Cairo or Emporium. Think of it, most sanctimonious of men, who believeth the garment of Religion to be the robe of a nun, or the vesture of a hermit. Think of it, most delicate and refined of women, who findest humor vulgar, and never laughest above the faintest smiles! Here is John Milton, so fair and beautiful that when he slept of a sultry afternoon beneath Italian trees, a fair lady kissed him, as Hypatia might have done the Apollo Belvidere—John Milton, whose desire to justify the ways of God to man gave us the English Epic—John Milton, whose memory was the store-house of all the wisdom of the ancients—John Milton, whose words were always for liberty, the statesman's thoughts clad with the poet's grace,—this John Milton goes down on his knees to old Mirth and humbly, apologetically—"if I give thee honor due"—distrustful, it would appear, of his own ability to honor him with the honor due so exalted a personage—asks to be admitted to his crew.

We never expect to write the twin speech to *Areopagitica*—we are rusty in our Latin, and couldn't write dispatches for Cromwell, provided he were alive and wanted us to do it—we gave over some time all thought that our great Poem would have a niche in the Temple of Fame, anywhere near that which the "Paradise" occupies; but in one particular we will follow Milton—nay, rather, we will be his peer—we will honor MIRTH; and we shall be proud to be of his "crew."

To honor Mirth, and return "to our muttons" together, let us go back to the Ravels.

Let us state what, perhaps, is not generally known, heretofore, that Mr. T. Barry, among his great services to the amusement-loving, was the first American Manager to bring out the Ravels. That appearance was at the old Park Theatre, of lustrous memory, some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Let us state further that while the cholera raged in New York, the Ravels played, and that when they were on the point either of leaving the city or shutting the theatre, we forget which, the then Mayor of Gotham and other most respectable citizens came with petitions that they would continue playing, and urged as a reason that their performances were regarded by the physicians as instrumental in checking the spread of the Asiatic scourge. Could volumes speak more for the salubrity of fun, and the ability of the Ravels to create it?

Since then various fortunes have been encountered by the Troupe. There has been changes, marriages, deaths. But here are two of the brothers as young, as mirthful, as inimitable as ever, though their united ages could not be spanned by a century.

They have with them an efficient and well-trained company. They are themselves, we say, inimitable. For they are men of genius, and their long practice has made them perfect artists. Their fun has this distinguished quality: It is at once so palpable that the dullest may see and enjoy it, and so delicate that the keenest and sharpest sighted are the best satisfied.

May their days be a thousand years, and their purchases always full!

**MENDELSSOHN COMMEMORATION.**—What a people we are growing for commemorations! One year of Handel—one month of Burns—one week of Mozart,—and on Thursday last of Mendelssohn, who would then have been aged fifty had he lived:—ten years younger than were Glück and Handel when they began to enter on their career of lasting musical glory. Yet a dozen years have passed since his masterpiece, "Elijah," not merely proved his progress so as to silence all English cavillers, but established his reputation, as one, to which reference must ever be made, as next to that of Handel, when Oratorio is spoken of. Never did Fame more immediately reward desert than in his case. It seems as if it was only yesterday that, before going into the Birmingham Town Hall to preside in the orchestra on that memorable occasion, he said, laughingly, to one whom he honored with his regard, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you

don't like"—only yesterday, that after the Oratorio was over, he escaped from the noise and the fever of triumph (what a triumph it was!) and with that whimsical humor of his, which endeared him to every one, by way of calming himself, chose to take what he called "a beautiful country walk in Birmingham," pacing backwards and forwards, for a beat of some four hundred yards, by the side of a sunken canal, under the shelter of heaps of coke and cinders. Remembrances like these, already clustering round one so lately full of life and spirit, so sweet-hearted and so bright-witted, must make the heart full, be it ever so dead, ever so worn. But how have the ploughshares of time and change passed over Mendelssohn's world since "Elijah" came to light at Birmingham in 1846! Of his own immediate "kith and kin," as distinct from children, but one is left. Of the many singers, again, who took the first parts in "Elijah," Mr. and Mrs. Lockett and Madame Bassano are the only ones still before the public, and those of late sparingly. "Sic transit!"—but that thought, and gratitude, and reality do not pass, the celebrations of Thursday were a speaking attestation. Fraught as they were, to some present, with that regretful yearning, which overpasses the boundaries of the "dark river," there was in them something better and more cheering—a new impression of England's old device of love and loyalty—"We do not forget." The French are now beginning to discover Mendelssohn; the Germans (as was said on the occasion of the revival of "St. Paul") to be ashamed of the ingratitude shown to his memory when no more service of heart and brain was to be got from him! Neither Mr. Hullah's morning orchestral concert, on Thursday, at St. Martin's Hall, nor the *Sacred Harmonic Society's* "Elijah" in the evening, claims any minuteness of report. Both went well. At the former Herr Paner, whom we hear too rarely, performed the *Concerto* in D minor with great fire and brilliancy. At the latter the principal *soprano* was Madame Rudersdorf,—the bass, Signor Belletti.—*London Athenaeum, Feb. 5.*

### About Pianos.

One of the embarrassments of house furnishing is that of procuring a pianoforte. Unmusical persons, particularly, however smoothly they may have advanced to a certain point in the details of furniture, find themselves quite at fault when called upon to select this necessary appendage of the modern drawing-room. They know neither where to select, nor how to select. We have lately had an experience of this ourselves. But in the course of our investigations we gained some little information on the subject of pianofortes in general, which simplified the matter very much to us, and may prove of service to those of our unmusical readers, who may chance to be subjected to the same embarrassment.

We find that a piano-forte, after all, is nothing more than a horizontal harp. It is, virtually, that most ancient of instruments laid upon its side, under cover, the strings being struck by hammers instead of being pulled with the fingers. Any one can see this by opening a pianoforte and observing the shape of the mechanism. This fact, however, makes it evident that the case of the piano can have very little to do with the intrinsic merit of an instrument. We have ascertained, moreover, that the mechanism of itself, in all sound and well-constructed pianos, must cost the manufacturer a certain pretty definite amount. This, then, reduces the instrument, so far as the mechanism is concerned, to an appreciable value. No manufacturer can sell it for any price which does not cover this essential outlay, without actual loss.

Satisfied on this point, therefore, the purchaser may be sure that the additional expensiveness of the instrument is caused by the case; and of this case—which is only so much work in rosewood—the purchaser is as competent a judge as the manufacturer, or any decidedly musical person.

The first requisite in the purchase of a piano, then, is to make yourself sure of the interior mechanism; and to this end application should always be made to a perfectly responsible and reliable manufacturer—one of whom you feel confident that he would put no work into an instrument that was not honest and thorough. For there would seem to be manufacturers of cheap pianos, here and there, the only merit of which is a certain showiness of case, without any of the intrinsic qualities of a fine instrument. Such productions are called by the trade *green* pianos, and are traps for the unwary. An inferior class of German artisans is generally employed; they work at low wages, with very poor material, the wood being quite unseasoned, and, when put together, the instrument is a good pine box—not much more—covered with deceptive veneering and ornament.

A certain characteristic of a piano, which is not appreciable by an unmusical person, is the distinctive

quality of tone peculiar to the various manufacturers. This difference of tone is caused by a certain treatment of the mechanism—one manufacturer paying special attention to the felt which covers the hammers, another to the size of the strings, another to the arrangement of these strings as to the intervening distances, another to the shape of the sounding board. One manufacturer will give you a delicate tone—too delicate, perhaps, to wear well. Another will give you a good honest tone, which is as durable as the instrument itself. But these distinctive qualities of tone are too subtle a thing for any but trained ears to detect and decide upon. And, after all, the difference between standard manufacturers in this respect is every year lessening—each copying the excellent points of the other, and bringing all instruments of the best makers to a certain approximation. Some difference there will always be; but however important this may seem to professional persons, it is slight to the world at large, and ought not seriously to embarrass any ordinary purchaser of a piano-forte, whose use for the instrument is altogether private and amateur.

To purchasers, then, we would say, beware of cheap pianos, and go only to the standard manufacturers. Decide what scale of instrument you want; that is, whether six and three quarters or seven octaves—for this, of course, makes a difference in the price—and then be guided by your own eye, and the capacity of your purse, as to elegance and costliness of case. But, having decided these points, request the dealer to select for you the best toned piano of that particular class you have chosen—a selection which, in all respectable houses, will honestly be made.—*New York Evening Post.*

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—Mr. BRISTOW'S Complimentary concert was a success, though the programme was long and somewhat dreary, as you will see by its personal:

### PART I.

1. Overture (William Tell).....Rossini.  
Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies.
2. Rec. and aria (O Lord, Thou hast Overthrown Thine Enemies), and storm chorus, (Thanks be to God), from the Oratorio of "Elijah.".....Mendelssohn.  
Miss Coleman, Mr. P. Mayer, Harmonic &c.
3. Polka Song (Gaily Smiles the Earth Before Me), words and music by Miss Imogene Hart.  
Miss M. S. Brainerd.
4. Movement from the Jullien Symphony.  
G. F. Bristow.  
Philharmonic Society.
5. Aria (Sound an Alarm).....Handel.  
Mr. D. Miranda.
6. Grand Duo Concertante for two pianos.  
Robert Schumann.  
Messrs. H. C. Timm and Wm. Mason.
7. Song (Twilight Hour), from the opera of "Rip Van Winkle.".....Geo. F. Bristow.  
Mrs. H. Westervelt.
8. Grand double chorus "He gave them Hailstones," from "Israel in Egypt.".....Handel.

### PART II.

1. Overture to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."  
G. F. Bristow.
2. Song (Überall Du)—Thou Everywhere. Lachner.  
Mr. Philip Mayer.  
(With horn obligato by Mr. Brannes.)
3. Grand duo concertante from Violin and piano (Don Pasquale).....Goria and Herman.  
Messrs Joseph Burke and Richard Hoffman.
4. Valse de Milibran.....De Beriot.  
Madame Carsadori.
5. Grand double chorus and solo (The Horse and his Rider), from "Israel in Egypt."  
Handel.
6. Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater.".....Rossini.  
Miss M. S. Brainerd and chorus.
7. Grand fantasia (National Airs) for harp.  
Aptommas.
8. Hallelujah.....Handel.

Mr. Bristow's overture to "A Winter's Tale" was the feature of the entertainment. It is a fine work, with some very curious and interesting instrumentations, and considerable melody. After its performance, the composer was called out, bowed and departed. The applause continuing, he came out again and began a rather confused speech in which he had great difficulty in repeating the word "re-iterate." The drift of the address was that he was very much

obliged to the audience, and if he had done anything to advance the cause of music he was happy, &c., &c. The latter part of the concert was more successful than the former, and the encores were frequent. The house was very well filled, so that Mr. Bristow must have made a very good thing out of it. There should have been, however, more of his own works on the programme.

Mr. STÖPFEL'S *Hiawatha*, after being advertised for a repetition was withdrawn, owing, it is said, to the professional engagements of Mrs. STÖPFEL. If repeated, it could, with the prestige of the success attending its first production, draw an immense audience.

A letter from ARTHUR NAPOLEON informs me of his success in Norfolk, Va., where he has given a couple of concerts. He will prosecute his southward journey as far as New Orleans.

There is little else stirring in the musical world.

TROYATOR.

BERLIN, FEB. 9.—The other evening I had one of the old questions forcibly brought up again, and it has been running in my thoughts more or less ever since. As the Germans say, "I must give it air." The occasion was this: Madame ZIMMERMANN is a famous and long experienced teacher of singing, down in Wilhelm Strasse, in this city of Berlin. She has had a great many pupils, and has them still. Once a week they meet (they are girls and young women only) at her house, and sing together. That capital young rising musician, RADECKE, is conductor. A grim friend of mine, not too misanthropic however to do a kind act to anybody, made me acquainted with Madame Zimmermann, and I was invited to attend some of these music meetings. I went last Friday evening. The chorus was smaller than usual, as it was not the regular evening of meeting.

DAVID, the violinist, BARGIEL, a young teacher and composer, a couple of old gentlemen and myself, constituted the audience. Some fifteen young women and girls formed the choir.

The music was Psalm 13, for women's voices. Solos, duets, choruses, composed by Radecke. There is so little music for female chorus, that he is supplying the deficiency for Mad. Z.'s pupils. This psalm is beautiful. It reminded me a little in style of Schubert, but is easier to sing. What is wonderful in these days, Radecke is not afraid of the Diatonic Scale! The piece was sung charmingly, delightfully. Then a Christmas song for female chorus, also charming. Fraulein Friedlander, who sang at Laub's concert, gave us 'With Verdure clad,' and another young lady, a mezzo soprano, gave a beautiful song by Radecke.

David was formerly Radecke's master, and I suppose we had so much of his music on this account. The professor was evidently pleased with these specimens and proofs of his pupil's progress.

DAVID then played with Radecke the violin and piano-forte Sonata of Beethoven, op. 30, No. 3; and old Tartini's famous 'Devil's Sonata,' with Joachim's accompaniment. I said of David's playing the other day, that it left me cold; now, it was not so; I could desire nothing better. For the first time these sonatas opened to me the depths of feeling, jocose, fiery, pathetic, which lie in them, and I sat wondering how I could have found David cold! But playing before a large critical audience in Concertos, and in a small circle in such Sonatas, are very different things.

So much for the occasion. The question is, upon instruction in singing.

All careful observers, who have traveled much in Europe, and may be supposed able to judge, are beginning to admit the truth of my statement in the Journal of Music six or seven years ago, that America affords as fine voices, and as large a proportion of them, as any country in the world. That there is as

much native talent for music among us, as well as talent for painting, sculpture, literature, as any where else, is also now admitted. But all who have had opportunity to know, agree that no class in our country corresponds to the educated classes abroad in cultivation of the sense for the beautiful, and in artistic development in any direction.

Farther, it is painfully felt that the attainments made by those who devote themselves to Art, and especially to music, are seldom equal to those of corresponding persons in Europe. One grand reason for this is obvious enough, viz: that no one in our country lives in an atmosphere of Art; we have no galleries of painting and sculpture; no architecture; no regular opera; no high-class church music; and except in large cities very few concerts. These points have however been so often discussed that we only now pass them over.

Now why is it that we really produce so few singers? Of the many reasons that might be given, here is one: Pupils do not study rightly. Learning to sing is learning to use a certain set of muscles, so as to produce certain effects; just as learning the piano-forte is cultivating the muscles of the fingers, or dancing those of motion. This training of the muscles forms the foundation; a similar training of the muscles of the throat and mouth is the foundation of learning to read well; for the first thing is proper pronunciation. Afterwards comes in that mental and aesthetic culture, which enables the singer, the pianist, the reader, the actor, the dancer, to make what he has learned of his art the medium for the expression of feeling and sentiment. Hear Jenny Lind, Clara Schumann, Johanna Wagner, Fanny Kemble; see Taglioni or Fanny Ellsler!

A century and a half ago women were not allowed to appear upon the stage, and female parts were sung by the artificial sopranos and alti, which the Catholic church and Italy alone were degraded enough, except Turkey, to produce. These men had nothing to live for but eating, drinking and singing. The foundation of their musical studies was the magnificent music of the church, with its long drawn tones, its wondrous harmonies, its extraordinary effects of light and shade. The first object was to acquire full command of the lungs, so as to expend the breath most economically. And this was so important a point, that in the height of their fame, when astonishing audiences night after night by their execution of the most difficult passages, their daily practice was in singing scales of long drawn notes—rising and swelling and dying away, to an inaudible sound. Gardner somewhere speaks of a man who was annoyed by the sound of the wind, giving day after day these crescendos and decrescendos, but which proved to be a great singer's tones, in his vocal exercises. Such practice is like the practice of scales by the pianist. When Liszt was making his first triumphal tours in Europe, he had an octave or two of keys fitted with stiff springs, and this always traveled with him in his carriage, that no time should be lost in the constant exercise of his fingers, which he deemed necessary.

Those old *castrati* began young, when the vocal muscles were tender, and by long and patient exercise made them not only obedient to their will, but made singing a second nature to them. Consequently, once perfected, their organs never failed them until the general decay of the system through age was felt. Think of men singing for thirty or forty years, with no loss of power! To those men Europe was indebted for the so-called "Italian school of singing," which, according to Rossini, exists no longer.

But their principles of instruction became the common property of Europe; and any competent teacher, whether in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, Paris, New York or Boston, will exercise his pupil in delivering his voice to the vowel sounds in

all the languages of these respective capitals, in precisely the same manner.

The sounds *ah, o, e, i, oo, &c.*, are the same in all languages, though the letters representing them are different. Take the *a* in 'father'—*ah*, the tone is to be given everywhere the same; and all good instructors will teach it in the same manner. The principles of the *old* Italian school are then at the foundation of all good instruction. Attention has been more than once called in the *Journal* to the fact, that many of the greatest singers of the last hundred years never had instruction from an Italian, and never sung a word of that language until after their fame was made. Look at these names (if I am wrong in any one, pray correct me) Mr. Billington, Cecilia Davies, Harrison, Inledon, Braham, Simms Reeves, Formes, Mad. Unger, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Duprez, Roger, Sophia Cruvel, Staudigl, Madame Ney, Schroeder-Devrient, Johanna Wagner, Mara, and many more. These names occupy as large a place in the history of music as any names of vocalists to the same number, ending in *i* and *o*, and coming from South of the Alps. These names do not perhaps occupy as large a space in American newspapers, and in letters from London and Paris, as some others; but, then, London and Paris are not all the world! Now such singers were properly taught, this cannot be denied. The Mara was probably the greatest of all these female singers; she had German instruction. The point then is to be taught *well*—not to learn of any particular person—be he of Spanish origin as Garcia, or of German origin as Goetze.

More to-morrow.

A. W. T.

(From an old friend.)

BERLIN, FEB. 15.—It is a long while since my pen last aimed at you, with music to give it impulse. The many good reasons for this long silence, I will reserve for another occasion, because I am not in the apologetic mood to-night. It is now 7½ P.M., *Don Giovanni* is being sung at the Opera House, 7 minutes walk from my room, the weather is good, I am well, and not bankrupt; then why, in Heaven's name, ask you, am I not there instead of here? Thereby hangs a tale, which shall be wrought into this pot-pourri, for such I design it to be,—a mere breaking of the long silence above adverted to. It occurred to me, on my way home, just now, that the experience of one day in Berlin, to wit, this 15th day of February, 1859, might make an entertaining column in the *Journal of Music*; and the thought having come to me, I thus turn it into a deed, partly, no doubt, out of gratitude for the pleasure your pages have given me this P. M.

The day has had quite a thread of Home running through it. Awoke with a head-ache at 8—(an undeserved headache, having taken no "oysters" late last night.) Dressed and went to breakfast, by previous appointment, at the house of a fellow-countryman. Now, if you are hungry and in good condition when you read this, the "Diarist" and his witching slanders will rise up before your imagination, and suggest *Wurst, Gansse-brust, caviar*, onion-salad and the other delicacies of the German cuisine. "Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down!" Buckwheat cakes, syrup, fried hominy, good white bread, without caraway, beef-steak and fried potatoes, cooked ham (cold), tea and coffee! This is no dream, though I must confess it has often been one, but a sweet reality. During the discussion of these dangerous exotics, a package of the New York *Tribune* is brought in, all fresh, not yet opened—dates to the 29th January. Every body reads out a paragraph; one on the Thorndike will, whose author has achieved immortality; another (two at once) on H. W. Beecher's noble letter, giving fresh assurance, which we sometimes need in these days, that manhood has not fallen out of the world. An hour spent over breakfast and the news from home, and then a walk to the

post-office—where I find a letter from home, and one from CHARLES SUMNER—from which I will quote a sentence, as our friend is not quite a private person, and many readers of the *Journal* hear with interest all that concerns him:

"Since I left you I had a relapse which left me, for days, a wreck, and made me for a while despair; but I have followed with the greatest fidelity the prescribed medical treatment and have led a life of perfect tranquility. The morning begins with dry-cupping for half an hour; not pleasant, but after *fire* quite tolerable; then moderate, very careful exercise, avoiding fatigue; repose on my sofa or bed 15 hours out of the 24; pills of bella-donna and capsules of Terebenthine. I mention these details because—wrote me that you had expressed an interest in knowing them. The eminent physicians in Paris and those here who have made themselves acquainted with my case, preach *caution*."—Speaking of Mr. Parker's illness, he says, "Thinking of his calamity, I hesitate to turn to my own condition, which is now brightening, so that I feel perfect assurance of the future."

He concludes thus: "As the session of Congress will be soon over, there will be no public duties to claim me till next December, when I hope to be ready for any labor." Three cheers! "Meanwhile, having given three solid months to my treatment, I propose, in a week, to go to Nice, where I shall be a few days; perhaps thence to Rome."

This was a very hopeful and enlivening letter, by this time headache had flown; read *Wilhelmina de Bai-reuth's* memoirs till half past one; walked to the "Diarist's," whose room merits description, and shall have it, some other time. I saw his head peering over a pile, 4 feet 6 in depth, of "Ancient Musical Literature." His pen was travelling, as usual, at telegraph speed. I bade him go on, took a volume of *Dwight's Journal*, and concluded the Life of Mendelssohn, commenced in a previous visit, but made slow work of it, as there was rich food for another *sense* inviting all the while. What was this? Only "John," in the next room, a thin door between, practising Bach's fugues, Haydn's "Military" Symphony, 4 hands, another American aiding. Then, all of a sudden, comes a clear, strong chord, and a brilliant run on the violin, breaking, or subsiding, rather, into one of the variations of the Kreutzer Sonata! How can a man read Mendelssohn or anybody's son, with such distracting sounds assailing his ears in the next room?

But soon dinner breaks this up, the steady smooth sailing of the fugue resumes sway, and I get on a little with my story. The Diarist rises, gives a fond look round about on his "scattered treasures," says he must dine (in a tone as of unreconciled conformity to a custom of very doubtful utility) and leaves me in possession; saying, as he closes the door: "There are two 'Dwight's' you have not seen," (at which the thought arose, "I should like to see one Dwight!"), and I am alone with the books and stove and von Humboldt's statuette, and manuscript *sine fine*, and Mr. Brown's spectacles, which I incontinently don, as more convenient than my eyeglass (I now have on my own and know how you will miss *his* close!) and thus I go on and finish that sad story—sad in its close, but not sad as a career. (I am here tempted off my track but will resist.) I put bound-Dwight on the shelf again, loose-Dwights into my pocket, and start through "John's" room, who good-naturedly rises from his pedal-piano, through which, a moment ago, he was driving J. S. Bach on all fours (*his* "fours," not Bach's). "Well, John, will you go to the Concert?" "Thank you, no; I must have my organ lesson for to-morrow learned." "What's the Symphony this afternoon?" "Seventh, I am sorry to say"—and a look of ineffable longing crossed his expressive face,—but behind it is that unmistakable background of resolu-

tion, which belongs to genius, and which can always say: "Get thee behind me, Satan," when the true divinity beckons forward. So I leave John and go out of the gate to the sound of *Fugue*.

I wend my way, reflecting on the Art-talent of "Young America," cross the Weidendammer-Brücke, and soon enter with the crowd into the "Ton-Halle." It is ½ past 3 and the concert commences at 4, yet it is with difficulty that I find a seat, at a table with two soldiers and three other youths; and now I take out my "Dwights." Almost the first thing my eye meets is the account of the annual meeting of the dear old Harvard Musical Association, and with very varied emotions did I read it; still, the chord which was touched most deeply and which would continue to vibrate after the voices of all else had died away, was that of our great and enduring bereavement. FRANK BATCHELDER! What would the Harvard Musical seem to me without him! I sympathized with Ware's and Upham's earnest and tearful words, and wished that I, too, might have been present, to say only a few words, they would have been *but* few, and I may say them here. Who has ever passed an hour with that rare young man, without feeling that *all* pursuits, music as well as graver ones, were elevated and dignified by his association with them? His gentleness, his refinement, his pure tastes, his charming disposition, are justly cited and dwelt upon; but to me, his predominating grace, the atmosphere, so to speak, of the man, was transparent INTEGRITY. I knew no man, I know no man, whose presence was in the same degree magnetic. I often had the feeling, when hearing him converse on Art, on social life, on domestic calamity, and even on the driest details of professional and other business, that no man could confer with him without being somewhat better therefrom. Unobtrusive, ay! undemonstrative to a remarkable degree, yet "a virtue went out from him," wherever he appeared. It has been most truly said, "He had no enemy." Of whom else can we say this?

That list of "officers" looked so home-like! The Buckwheats not more so; (excuse the homely comparison.) Putnam 'on the organ' was delicious—a perfect 'Haupt' in his way. But I must go on. Hark—"sh—sh—&c—&c—"—Liebig's baton is in the air—"Jewesses—sh—sh—I say! Kellners, walk 'a tiptoe'! teaspoons, be still; Overture to "Leonore" "No. 1"—Beethoven; To continue the Programme: Sonate, F dur, Mozart, arranged for Orchestra by Streit. Now look out! Fest overture upon two American National Airs, (Lieder) by J. B. André; (who is he?) "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," of course; and very well worked up, too. To my surprise, a hearty encore, some counter hisses, which mean here, as at home, nothing more than "No." Renewed claps—renewed hisses; the claps have it, decidedly—but Liebig goes on to "Scherzo from Summer-night's Dream, Mendelssohn; (John, you have never heard this played as yet—no, never!) Overture, 'Tannhäuser'; 7th Symph. Beethoven. Entrance 5 agr. (12½ cts.) Ends ¼ of 7; and I start for the opera; without a ticket however. *Don Juan!* Arrive at 7, just in time! "What tickets?" "Only Fremden-Loge and Avan-Scenes," the highest price places. Well, here goes—it being *Don Juan*; for I was not particularly pleased with its performance the last time. "Give me one Avan-Scene;" why it just exactly empties my pantaloons pocket, but I shall want one groschen for a programme; there is a five and a one Thaler in my vest; let us pay with the bills; price 1 Thaler 10 groschen. Hand goes to vest, no bills—changed my vest to go a little more elegantly to eat hominy and buckwheats; no matter, I can go without a programme. I know all the performers; and as for coat money, why I'll wear my coat into the opera; "there, there's just 1.10;" "Nein, Meinherr, bitte; da ist nur 1, 7½;" and, sure enough! Well, what then? Can a gentleman pledge his watch or his boots or coat for 6½ cents? For that was exactly my deficit. In the beginning of this letter, I say, "I am not bankrupt," this was hardly true, was it? So no matter, I'll go home and write my day's experience to Dwight, who'll be gainer in every way, for I know the "Diarist" is there, John too; now is this not a *homelike* day for a

BOSTONIAN?

P. S. Getting sleepy, though the carriages keep up an incessant rattle on the four sides of the great Gens d'Armes Platz. The Royal Schauspiel-Haus has long since put out all its lights; but long lines of gas-lamps define the flag stones which *stripe* the square in all directions. My love to the H. M. A. and the B. M. H. A. I was obliged to give Ludwigsburg the go-by, as I had six ladies in tow and one boy! I don't however despair of inspecting the "disjecta membra" of old Put; that is to say, of the great Organ. I'm sure that ought to be written

with a big O, whether in German or English. I heard fine organs this summer at Fribourg, Basle and Berne. One word more. When "John" gets home there will be no more desecration of the Organ, by operatic flights and negro jigs, as at Tremont Temple! Adieu.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1859.

**JOURNAL OF FEBRUARY 19.** Any person having a copy of this paper of February 19, and not desirous of preserving the same will confer a favor on the publishers by forwarding it to this office.

**MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.**—In order to make the opera *Luzia Borgia* (pianoforte arrangement) complete within this present volume of the Journal, we let it occupy our music pages this week and the next, leaving our Classical Choral selections to await their turn a little longer. But we have good things of that sort in store.

### Concerts.

There have been two during the week past: one a private concert in Mercantile Hall, by invitation; the other a very public one.

The first was one of those choice, delightful little *sings*, for the pleasure of their friends, by the Club of amateurs, under the direction of OTTO DRESEL. They now number about eight voices on each part, the soprano and contralto forming a remarkably fresh, clear, refined and musical body of sound; and the whole trained to perfect unity and purity of execution. This was displayed to great advantage in an elaborate Motet by Bach, (No. 5), in which the same Chorale reappears some five times with wonderful beauty and variety of harmony; interspersed with choruses, a very swift and labyrinthine fugue, and quaintly interesting trios and quartets. Such music is sure to be loved, after some familiarity, in spite of its antiquity. How genuine it is! how deep and earnest, full of devotion to Art with a single, religious aim to the highest! The expression of a great, profound life, that courted no publicity, and cultivated none of the modern artifices of effect. The other pieces were the Soprano solo and Chorus, by Mendelssohn: "Hear my prayer," whose exquisite melody in the last part, "O for the wings of a dove," seemed alike perfectly adapted to the words and to the voice that sang it; Schubert's "Miriam" Cantata, (both of these last two pieces have been published in this Journal); and three or four of the beautiful part-songs by Robert Franz.

The very public occasion was the performance, at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, of Mr. G. F. ROOT's Operatic Cantata, "The Hay-makers," by a select company of ladies and gentlemen, organized, and for a long time very carefully trained by Mr. J. R. MILLER, whose enterprise in the matter was abundantly rewarded by a far greater crowd of would-be auditors than the Temple would contain. Not prepared for this, we failed to find a seat, and strength held out only for the hearing of the first Part.

The affair was very pleasantly and perfectly arranged. There was scenery representing a hay-field, farm-house, &c.; the singers were in costume and equipped with implements; and the various movements of hay-making operations, mowing, spreading, raking, &c., are so rhythmical in themselves, as to lend themselves admirably to musical purposes. Each Part illustrates an entire

day's life: the morning call and devotions, the field labors, the nooning, afternoon work, evening and rest. There is a little thread of private romance running through it, a pair of lovers; also a touch of the comic in a "green" youth from the city; there are choruses, songs, quartets, piano interludes, &c., most of which are simple, melodious, pleasing, and suggestive, although common-place, and appealing to the sympathies (which they got in full measure) of the masses of uneducated music-lovers. These were connected together by rather a liberal allowance of recitative, which was not very effective.

On the whole, taken as it should be, as a composition of no high pretension, but just the working out by simple, easy means of a natural and pretty thought, it seemed to us singularly perfect in its way. What it chiefly lacked was some wealth or substance of instrumental accompaniment. The mere piano, with the facile little silvery embellishments improvised (apparently) by Mr. LANG, soon grew monotonous. There was a flute, occasionally, which was very skilfully and gracefully interwoven with a vocal melody; and a guitar in the serenade duet, which was delicate and graceful, and most charmingly sung by Mrs. LONG and Mr. ADAMS. Miss WHITEHOUSE also had some effective melodies, which she sang with fine voice and taste.

The Choruses, by about a hundred voices, were sung admirably; fine ensemble of tone; remarkably fine diminuendos and effects of distance (to enhance which illusion, cricket chirps, &c., were introduced). The mowing scene was quite amusing, and the melodic movement of the chorus went well with the scythes. Very pretty too was the chorus of maidens, who in their turn crossed the stage, "spreading" with forks; and the union of the two movements was a happy and ingenious effect. Prettiest of all, however, was the "raking" chorus, with its double hitch in the rhythm. In the larger choruses, like the solemn one at evening, the Organ furnished background.

We should have been glad to have heard the rest of it, had our aching head and weary limbs allowed. Doubtless it will be repeated; and we congratulate Mr. MILLER, as well as the author, who conducted in person, on so successful an attempt to introduce, with simple means, a very pleasing, popular, and in some sense quite artistic, entertainment of a semi-dramatic musical character. It should lead to good things. Perhaps it opens a path which one day *genius* may enter.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

We need not remind our readers of the Farewell Complimentary Concert to our townsman, Mad. ELISE BISCACCIANTI, which takes place this evening. Her friends are more in number than would fill the Music Hall, and all will be eager to join in this tribute to her distinguished talent, on the eve of her departure for Australia and the other remote dependencies of the realm of music. Her own exquisite singing will be the artistic attraction; but curiosity will also be gratified by the first hearing of Mr. DENNET, of whom as a basso, great things are reported. Signor BISCACCIANTI, with his violoncello, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, also, will assist.

CARL ZERRAHN is making ample preparation for his fourth and last concert (on the 26th), which will be all BEETHOVEN, in honor of the anniversary of the master's death. It will be such a concert as we have not had for years. The Choral Symphony will be performed entire; the choruses by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the quartet of soli by Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. POWERS. Then, for an interesting novelty to Bos-

ton ears, will be given all of Beethoven's music to the tragedy of "Egmont;" and Mrs. BARROW has been engaged to read the play. We trust it will excite as much enthusiasm as Mr. Miller's "Hay-Making."... The AFTERNOON CONCERTS will be resumed next Wednesday... Mr. MILLER means to make hay while the sun shines; i. e. the Operatic Cantata will be repeated several times.

An admirable book is BASSINI's "Method for the Baritone,"—by far the most common, and therefore the most important of male voices, and the most liable to go wrong, left without method and without master. Sig. Bassini's well-known first work has proved itself, we think, the most sensible and practical of all the many "methods" for the voice in vogue. We believe the same of this for the Baritone, and mean to speak more fully of it. It is published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York... Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. have issued, under the general name of "Choral Classics," an edition of the admirable pieces for chorus with solo, &c., which have appeared from time to time in *Dwight's Journal of Music*. Each piece is neatly done up separately; and the whole together may be bound into a volume, which will form a choice little repertoire for choirs and clubs and choral societies. Among them are pieces, of from eight to forty pages in length, by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, and the like.

The Philadelphians have had a goodly variety of music lately. Especially a "Grand Symphony Concert," under the direction of CARL SENTZ (who also leads the weekly afternoon "Germania Rehearsals"), at which Schubert's great Symphony in C, the "Egmont" overture, Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto (pianist, Herr BONNEWITZ, who is much commended), a cello solo by our old friend JUNG-NICKEL, and a Maennerchor chorus, were performed. The Handel and Haydn Society, with 200 voices, gave a mixed concert, part sacred, part secular, from Mozart, Haydn, Auber, Flotow, &c. And CARL GAERTNER has given two classical chamber Concerts in the *foyer* of the Academy.

"Would a congregation rise and leave the church before the benediction is pronounced?"

This rebuke, (says "Stella," in Worcester,) came to mind as we saw the unmannerly "stampede" made from all parts of our great hall last Tuesday evening just as the Mozart Society commenced singing the "Rain Chorus" from "Elijah"—the concluding piece of the evening. Was "the laving of the thirsty land" so well depicted that new broadcloth and stiff crinoline feared a drenching?

The following, going the rounds, is news, and too good to be true:

Rossini composes more and more, the older he grows. He produces with astonishing rapidity, songs, choruses, sonatas, trios, quartets, and symphonies—which are usually performed at the maestro's soirées.

This, too, is news, especially the part italicized: We clip it from a Western paper:

A new method for the piano-forte has just appeared in Leipzig, and calls for special notice, as it is by JULIUS KNORR, a citizen of Minnesota or Iowa, (!!) the well-known and intelligent teacher and author of some of the best instruction books for the piano which have been published.

NEW ORLEANS is at last favored by Mr. Ullman, who announces the first appearance there of Mlle. Poincot, and Mme. Laborde, Carl Formes, the prime basso, Signor Florenza, the fine baritone, Mlle. Berkel, (contralto,) Gustave Satter, the eminent pianist, and Carl Anslutz, the chef-d'orchestre and conductor, at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23. PICCOLOMINI is to appear there early in March in four operas.

A project is on foot in that city for building an opera house on a large scale, similar to that of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, which has long been a desideratum in New Orleans, a place always famous for the love of music.

BROOKLYN too, is to have a Music Hall. A meeting of citizens interested in the project was held last week, and the preliminary arrangements were made for the erection of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is proposed to build a hall capable of seating two thousand persons.

Viva Verdi has become a political cry in Italy. This is an ingenious anagram made up of the first letters of each word of the sentence, *Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia*. Live Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

## Music Abroad.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — Hérol's *Pré-aux-Clercs* was produced on Saturday last, and, everything taken into account, was not the least satisfactory performance of the Opéra-Comique. Madame Fauré, more than ever, displayed her remarkable capabilities, and exhibited, perhaps in a less degree than usual, those faults we have been compelled to criticize. The music of the Countess Isabelle suits this lady. Auber's music sparkles more than Hérol's — not to institute further comparison — and greater fluency is demanded for its effective execution. Madame Fauré, at any rate, was so successful in her part, that it is likely the *Pré-aux-Clercs* will become one of the favorite operas of the season.

The *Pré-aux-Clercs*, the last work of its composer, was written a short time previous to his death, and produced at the Opéra-Comique, in December, 1832. Hérol died the following month, not having completed his forty-second year, and leaving his *Ludovic* to be finished by M. Halévy. The *Pré-aux-Clercs* achieved a decided success, and was considered by many Hérol's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is, perhaps, a more equal work than *Zampa*, and abounds everywhere with genuine melody.

In addition to the Isabelle of Madame Fauré, we may name the Nicette of Mademoiselle Céline Mathieu, and the Mergy of M. Berger. The lady acted with liveliness but sang out of tune; the gentleman has some intelligence but no voice, and therefore cannot be expected to sing. The other performers call for little praise.

Last night *Le Cid* was repeated, after which was produced the opera of *Le Châlet*, by Adolphe Adam.

"But his name liveth for evermore!" is one of the most touching phrases of our greatest Protestant Requiem, — the funeral anthem for Queen Caroline, written by Handel. This phrase (the notes of which are said to have been transferred from Carissimi,) has been brought back to our thoughts by a circular announcing the formation of yet another Handel Choral Society, at the Foundling Hospital. To this institution the greatest master of song bequeathed — as we know — such privilege and preference in the performance of 'The Messiah' as the loose legal usages of his time enabled him to do. While we do not yet see what special place yet another choral society is to fill in London — save as illustrating the vast growth of musical life in this metropolis — we perceive the graciousness and the propriety of such a formation at such a place, in such a time as this year of Handel commemorations A. D. 1859.

The next Oratorio given by our Sacred Harmonic Society is to be Handel's 'Solomon.'

PARIS. — (Correspondence of London Musical World, Feb. 12.) — Rossini's "Saturday Evenings" are among the most interesting re-unions of the French capital. The illustrious composer throws his doors open to his friends one day in the week, when his salons are crowded by some of the *élite* of the artistic world. Music, of course, constitutes a special feature of these soirées; but nothing is set down — all is extemporized. On Saturday last, among others who attended, were Grisi and Mario, Mad. Borghi-Mamo. Sig. Badiali, and the celebrated Taglioni. Grisi and Mad. Borghi-Mamo sang the grand duet from *Semiramide*, "Ehben a te ferisci;" Mario the gondolier's song from *Otello*, and Grisi the "Song of the Willow" from the same opera. The trio for male voices from *Guillaume Tell* was next sung by Mario, Signor Badiali, and an amateur. Mario seemed inspired, and made many in the room shed tears. The trio was universally redeemed. Mad. Borghi-Mamo concluded the performances with two Neapolitan *chansons* arranged by M. Braga, the violoncellist. An incident which occurred at the end of the soirées, as the guests were departing, is worth relating. Madame Taglioni approached Mario, and, after complimenting him on his singing, said to him: "I am sure you do not recognize me!" — "Ah! diva!" he answered in a reproachful tone. "You sing," exclaimed Terpsichore, "as in your earliest days; as for me — I dance no more!" "Yes," replied Almaviva, bowing graciously, "but you have carried away the Dance along with you." I forgot to mention, perhaps, the most interesting *morceaux* of the musical performance — a *cavatata* and a song, written expressly by Rossini for Madame Borghi-Mamo, and sung by that lady.

At the Grand-Opéra, Félicien David's *Dernier Jour d'Herculanum* is in active preparation, and will, it is anticipated, be produced about the end of the month. The delays and disappointments of the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse, however, are notorious, and the new opera, in all probability, will not be ready until the middle of next month. M. Félicien David's work excites much curiosity, and while many auger for it a great success, others remain sceptical, entertaining doubts about the dramatic capabilities of the composer of *Le Désert* and *Les Perles du Brésil*.

At the Opéra-Comique, the rehearsals for Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* engage the whole attention of the management. Mad. Cabel, MM. Faure and Saint-Fov, will sustain the principal characters; Mlles. Breuille and Bousquet, MM. Warot and Barielle the subordinates. A new opera by Meyerbeer must needs excite intense curiosity and interest, and so the entire Parisian world is swayed by one feeling of eager desire to hear the celebrated composer's forthcoming work.

The only novelty at the Italiens has been the reproduction of Prince Poniatowski's opera *Don Desiderio*, which met with an average *succès d'amis*.

Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, was performed on Sunday last, at the third *matinée* of the 'Société des Concerts.' The soloists were Mlle. Dorus, daughter of the celebrated flautist, MM. Sanin, Belval, Stockhausen, &c., &c. Mad. Nantier Didiée has accepted an engagement at the Grand Opéra. M. Vivier has for awhile relinquished the musical in favor of the dramatic art, and brought out a new piece at the Gymnase, entitled *Un Mariage dans un Chapeau*, which achieved a decided success. The friends of M. Vivier, from this little work, prognosticate for him a prosperous career in his new pursuit.

For the following information we are indebted to the *Morning Post*: "The grand musical festival, which will assemble in the Exhibition Palace of the Champs Elysées, 7,000 Orpheonists, from all points of France, will take place on the 11th, 12th and 13th of March next. Eleven choruses will be sung by the united societies, viz: the 'Veni Creator' of Besozzi; the 'Départ des Chasseurs,' by Mendelssohn; the 'Mystères d'Isis,' by Mozart; the 'Jour du Seigneur,' the Septuor of the 'Huguenots,' by Meyerbeer; the 'Fragment du 19ème Passant,' by Marcello; 'Les Cimbres et les Teutons,' of Louis Lacombe; the 'Génies de la Terre,' of Samuel David; the 'Chant des Montagnards,' of Kücken; the 'Marche des Orphéons,' of Mlle. Nicolo; and the 'Retraite,' of Laurent de Rillé. The 'Salut aux Chanteurs de Province,' will be executed by the Orpheonists of Paris." The above programme, it will be owned, is more showy than substantial.

The news from Paris — besides the above programme and the important "sundries" added this week to M. Meyerbeer's approaching opera — have still more promise in them. Two new singers, trained by that remarkable person, M. Duprez, are mentioned: — one, Mlle. Monrose, the name dear to all familiar in the French comedy, who is to sing at the Opéra Comique, — the other M. Raynal, a *baritone*, who is to have a part, they say, at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, in M. Gounod's 'Faust.' At the Grand Opéra 'The Last Days of Herulanum,' (originally, as we know, 'A Last Judgment') is coming out at last, towards the Ides of March.

MILAN. — The manager of the Scala, having received intimation from the authorities of the city, that they would hold him accountable for the effects of any disturbance resulting from the enthusiasm excited nightly by the performance of the war choruses, "Guerra, guerra," in *Norma*, has withdrawn the opera.

ST. PETERSBURGH. — Flotow's *Martha* has been produced at the Imperial Opera with brilliant effect. The principal executants were Mesdames Bosio and Meric Lolande, Signors Mongini and Everardi. The receipts on the first three nights averaged 3,500 roubles (14,000 francs).

MONUMENT TO MOZART AT VIENNA. — "It is now," writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "sixty years since Mozart died, and the monument, which should have been erected to his memory, is hardly finished. The very place where he was buried is still unknown, and, in all probability, the question will never be decided. In this emergency, the following expedient is contemplated: — the pedestal to the monument is intended to be so large that it will cover the different places where the remains of Mozart are supposed to be deposited. A basement, eight feet high, in bronze, supports a figure in the same metal, representing the muse Polyhymnia in the attitude of affliction. The portrait of Mozart is represented on the four faces, in bas-relief, with suitable inscriptions. The monument has been executed from designs by M. Hans Gasser."

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A new hunting song, with a striking air, and well defined, bold rhythm. Excellently adapted for a gentleman's voice.  
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Kind words and kind echoes. F. Shrivall. 25  
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From Stratton's operetta, *Fairy Grotto*. A catching song, which will make its way into public favor.  
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Cavatina for soprano voice, replete with beautiful passages. When sung well, it will keep any audience spellbound. This piece will probably maintain its place in the repertoire of great singers longer than anything else which Signor Verdi has written. It is one of the favorite songs of Mme. Biscacianti, which fact in itself is a sufficient recommendation.

- Pretty Fay, why away. J. W. Cherry. 25  
Light and graceful. The young folks will admire this song.

#### Instrumental Music.

- Sylphide. Romance. Charles Fradel. 25  
The gift of melody is so rarely to be met with among the modern writers for the piano, that a composer, who like Fradel, possesses it in a remarkable degree, and knows how to clothe it in an always fresh, and interesting form, must become a favorite. The "Sylphide" is an expressive, tender air, in 6-8 time, moving restlessly onward in the midst of a light and airy accompaniment, principally for the right hand. Not difficult.

- Amelia Waltzes. H. C. Lumbye. 50

This celebrated set of Waltzes, always the delight of dancers, is here printed entire, for the first time. As the Introduction and Finale introduce Lindblad's charming melody, "Birds blithe are singing," (one of Jenny Lind's favorite songs), nothing short of this complete copy will prove acceptable to those who desire to own a pianoforte arrangement of these waltzes.

- Pas Espagnol Waltz. G. W. Stratton. 25  
An old acquaintance (Cracovienne) in a new and fashionable dress.  
Rose Schottisch. H. L. Grebe. 25  
Violette Waltz. " 25  
Lily Mazurka. " 25  
Rural Life Galop. Landleben. 25  
My heart's delight Polka. Hupf. 25  
Good and easy Dance Music.

#### Books.

- ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO SCHOOL. A complete Theoretical and Practical School for the Violoncello, with Illustrations. By Bernard Romberg. 2.50

This is a standard work by one who is a complete master of the instrument. It is reprinted from the most recent European copy, and having passed through a careful revision in all its parts can be recommended as the most thorough and useful course of study on the violoncello obtainable.

